DARK HORSE COMICS
#2 of 4
THE WITCHER®
WILD ANIMALS
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NATALIIA REREKINA
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CD PROJEKT RED®

THE WITCHER®

WILD ANIMALS

2 of 4

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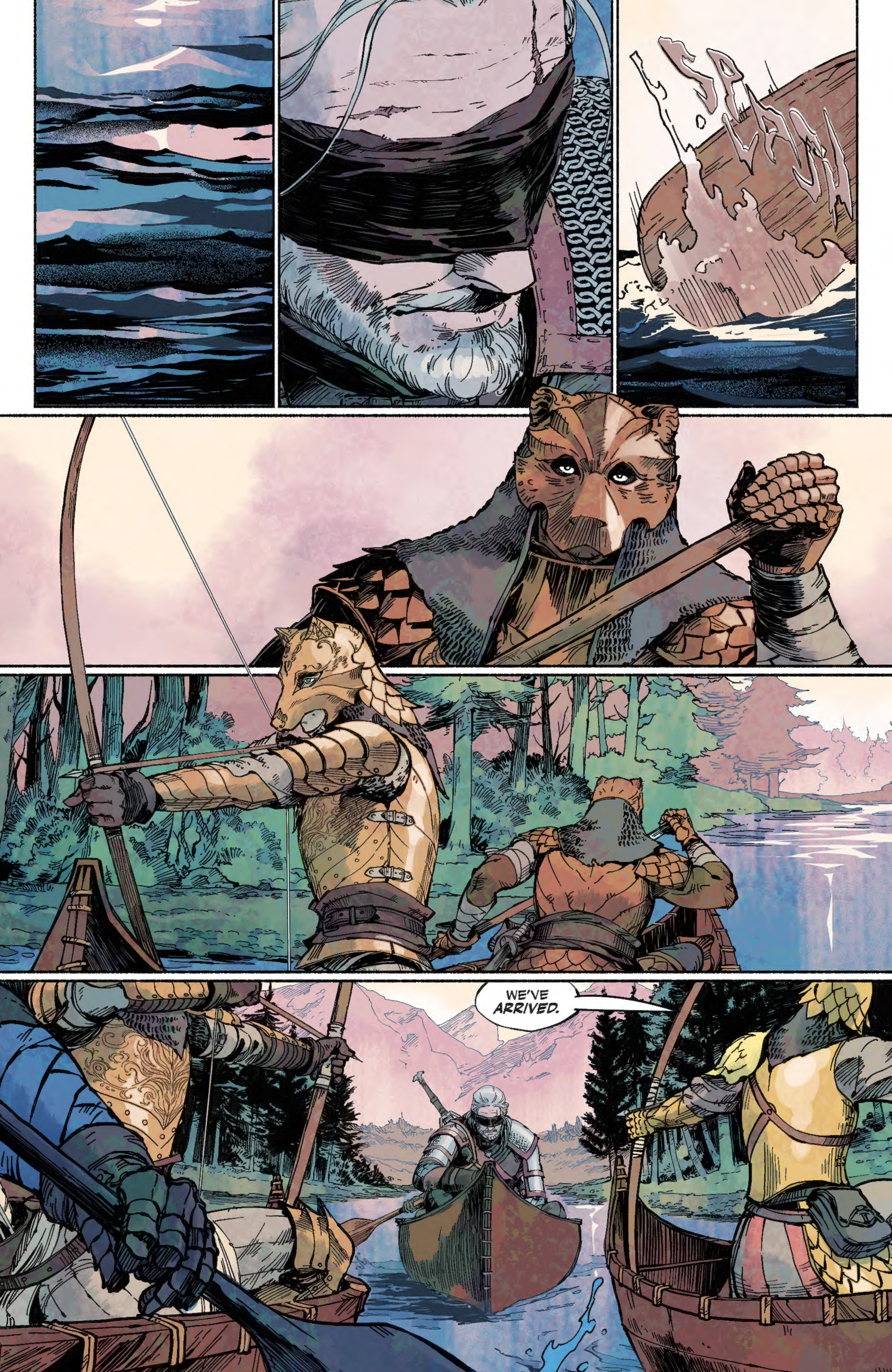
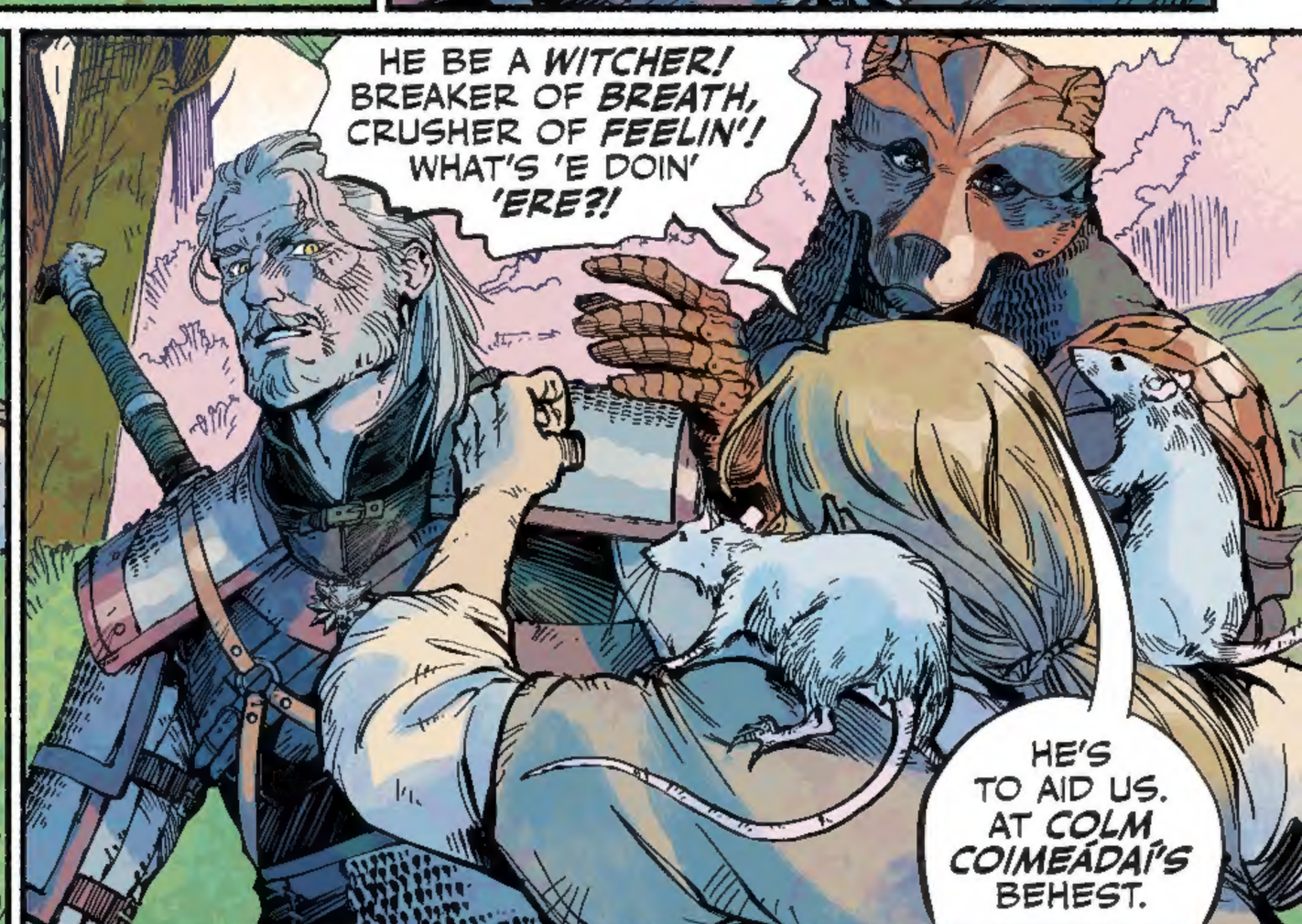

WE'VE ARRIVED.

Hrrr...
WHERE ARE WE?
WE'RE 'OME.

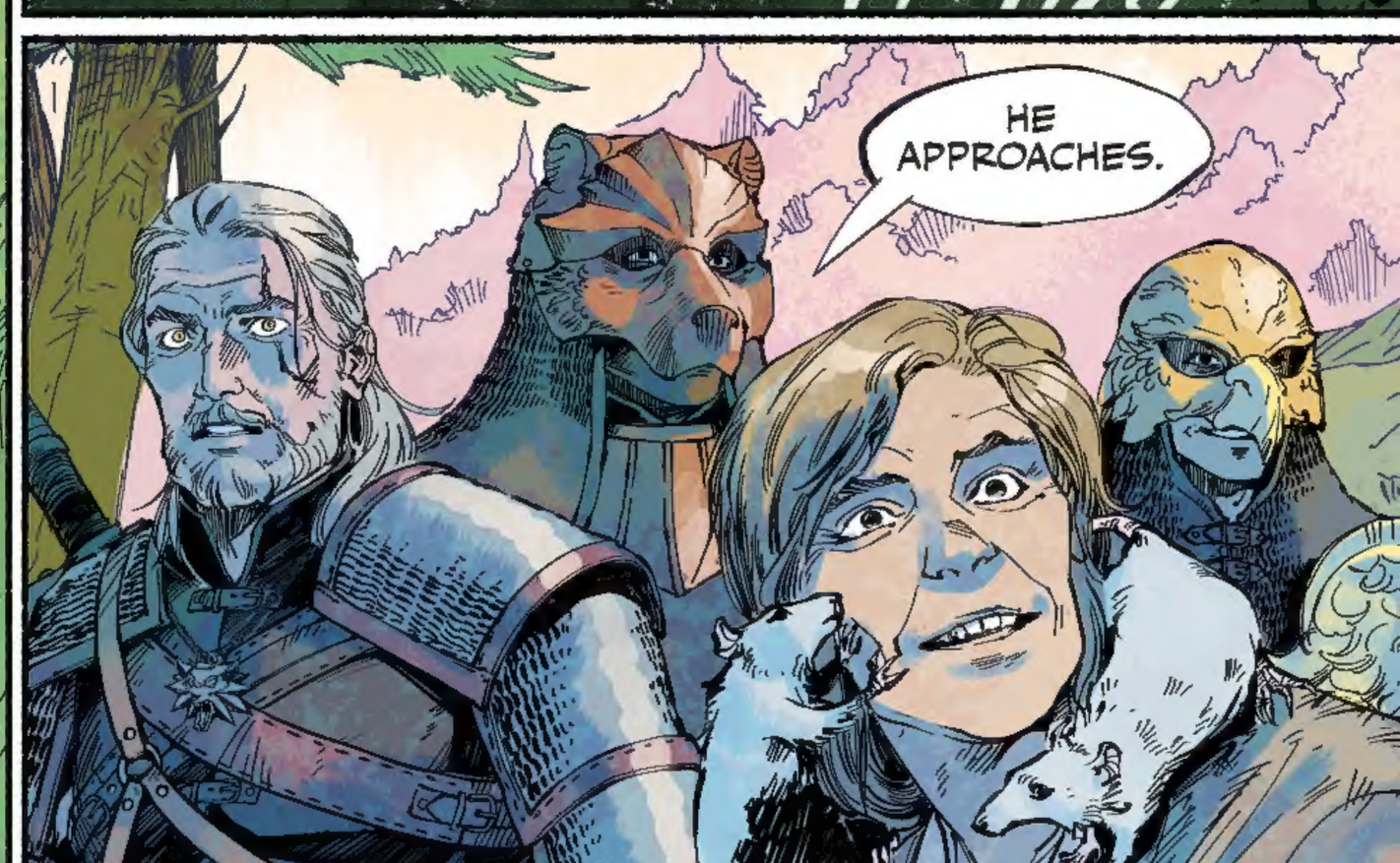
PTOOO

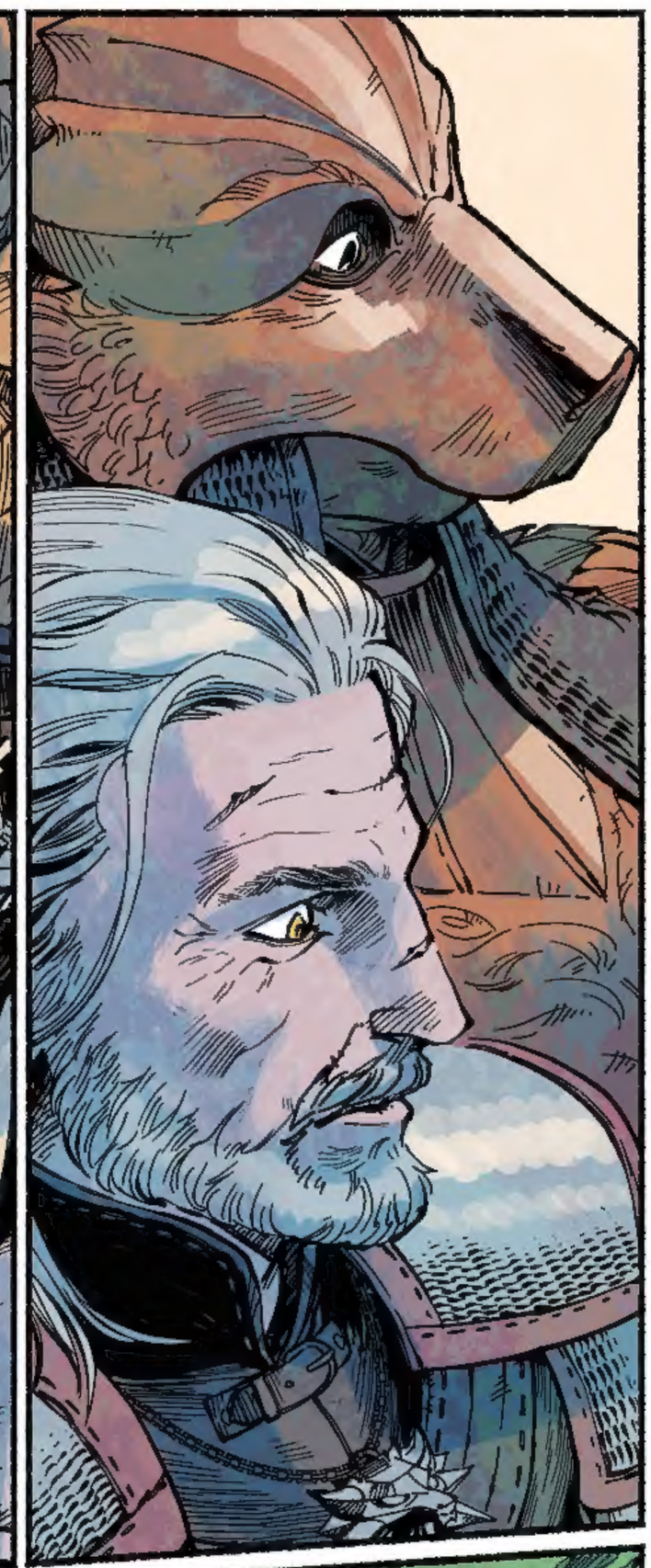
MURDERER!

SODDIN' BUTCHER!
CALM YERSELF...


HE BE A WITCHER! BREAKER OF BREATH, CRUSHER OF FEELIN'! WHAT'S 'E DOIN' 'ERE?!
HE'S TO AID US. AT COLM COIMEÁDAÍ'S BEHEST.

SHHH...


HE APPROACHES.



YE *CHOSE* TO COME. I'M PLEASED.
COULDN'T REFUSE SUCH A WARM INVITATION.

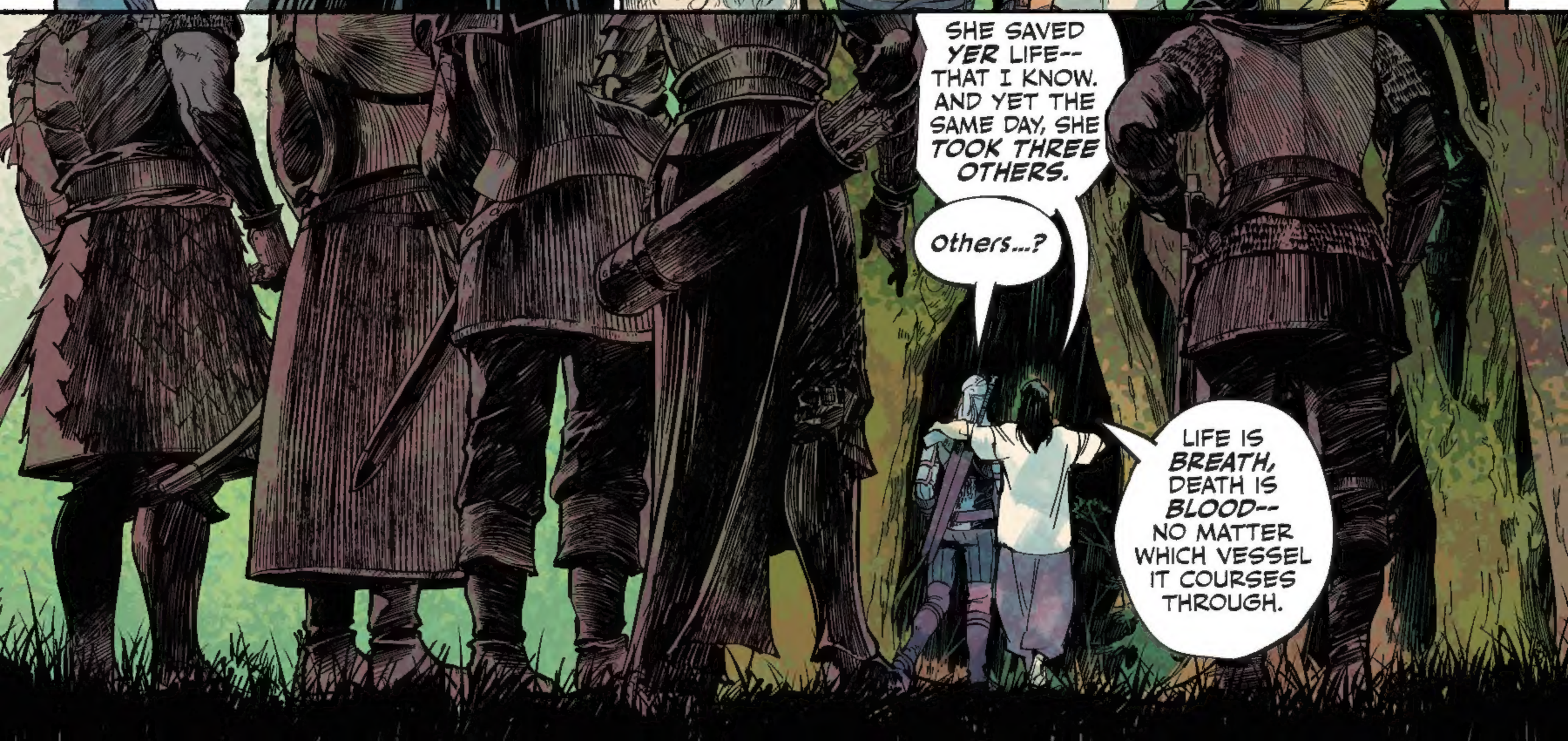
WITCHER...
...THERE'S SOMETHIN' I WISH YE TO SEE.

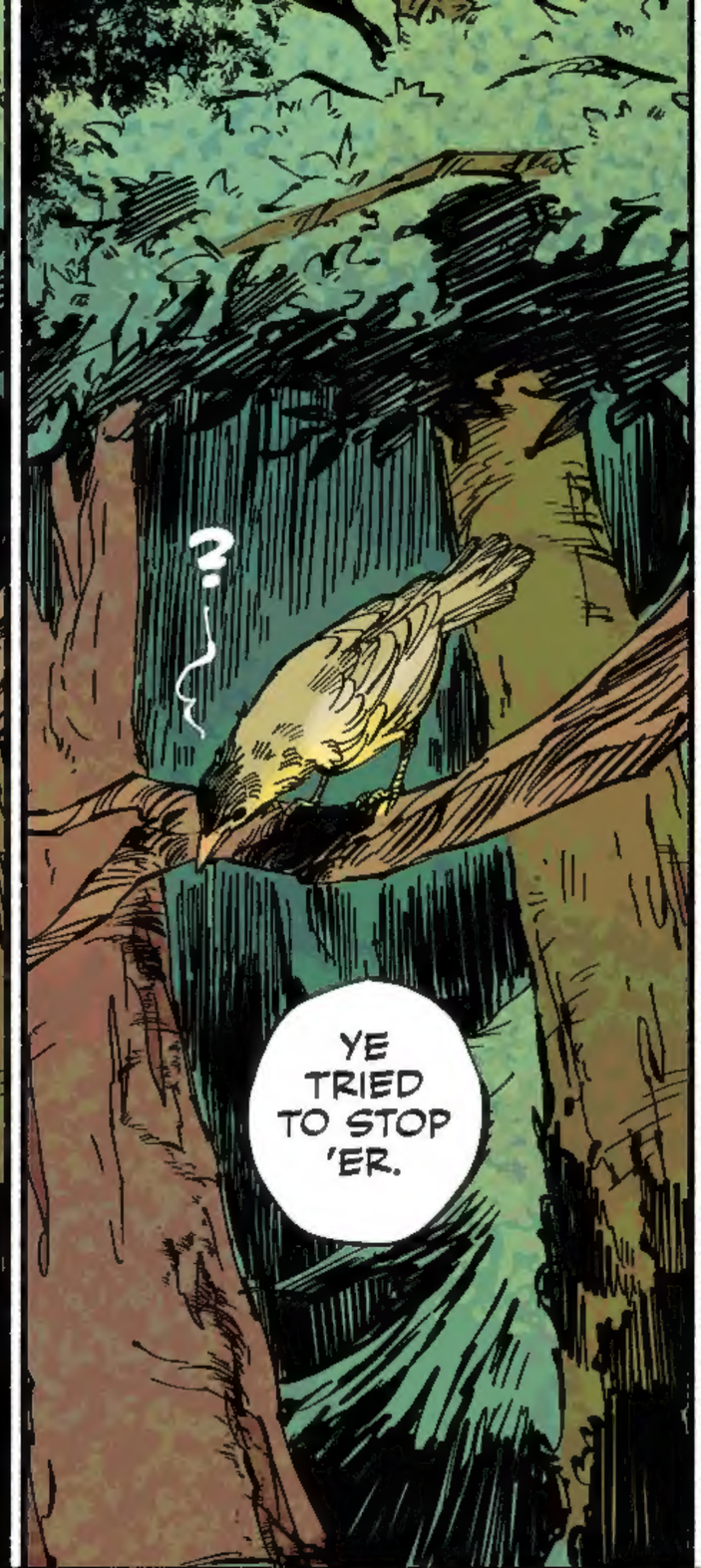
MENTOR...?!
FEAR NOT.

NO 'ARM SHALL COME TO ME.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

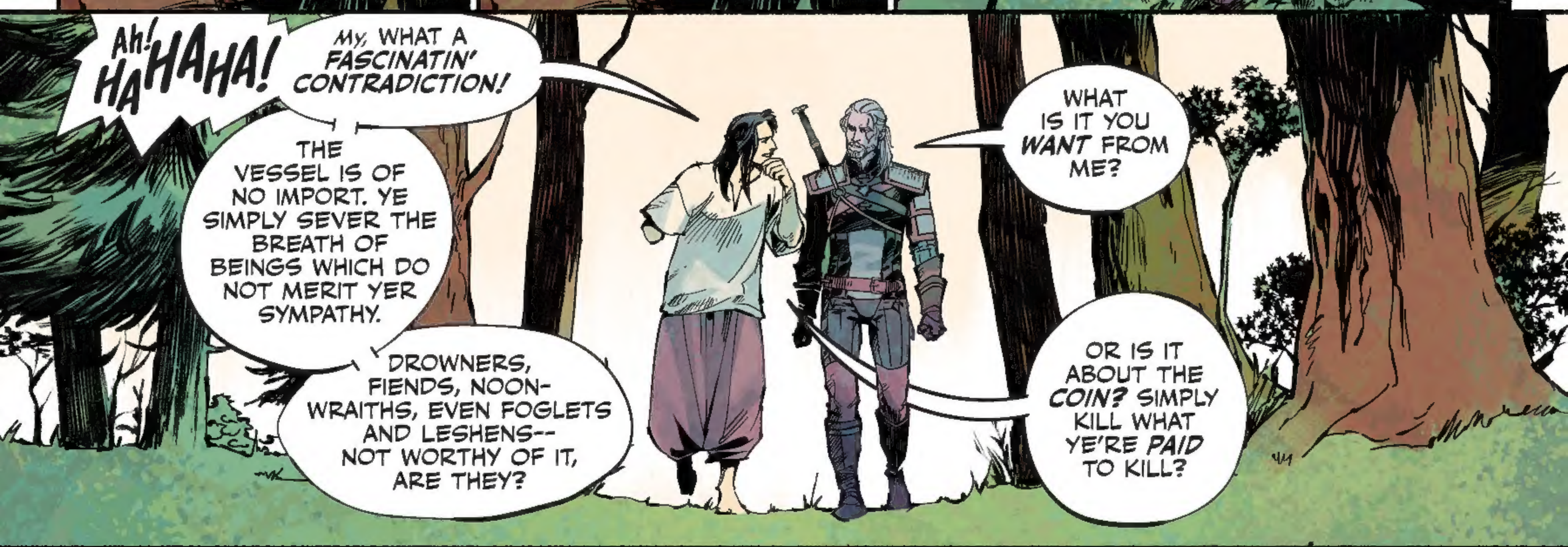
ACTUALLY... MIGHT IF YOU WERE AN INNOCENT WOMAN. AND IF I FOLLOWED THE EXAMPLE YOUR LACKEYS SET.

Ah, BUT WAS SHE TRULY SO INNOCENT, WITCHER?

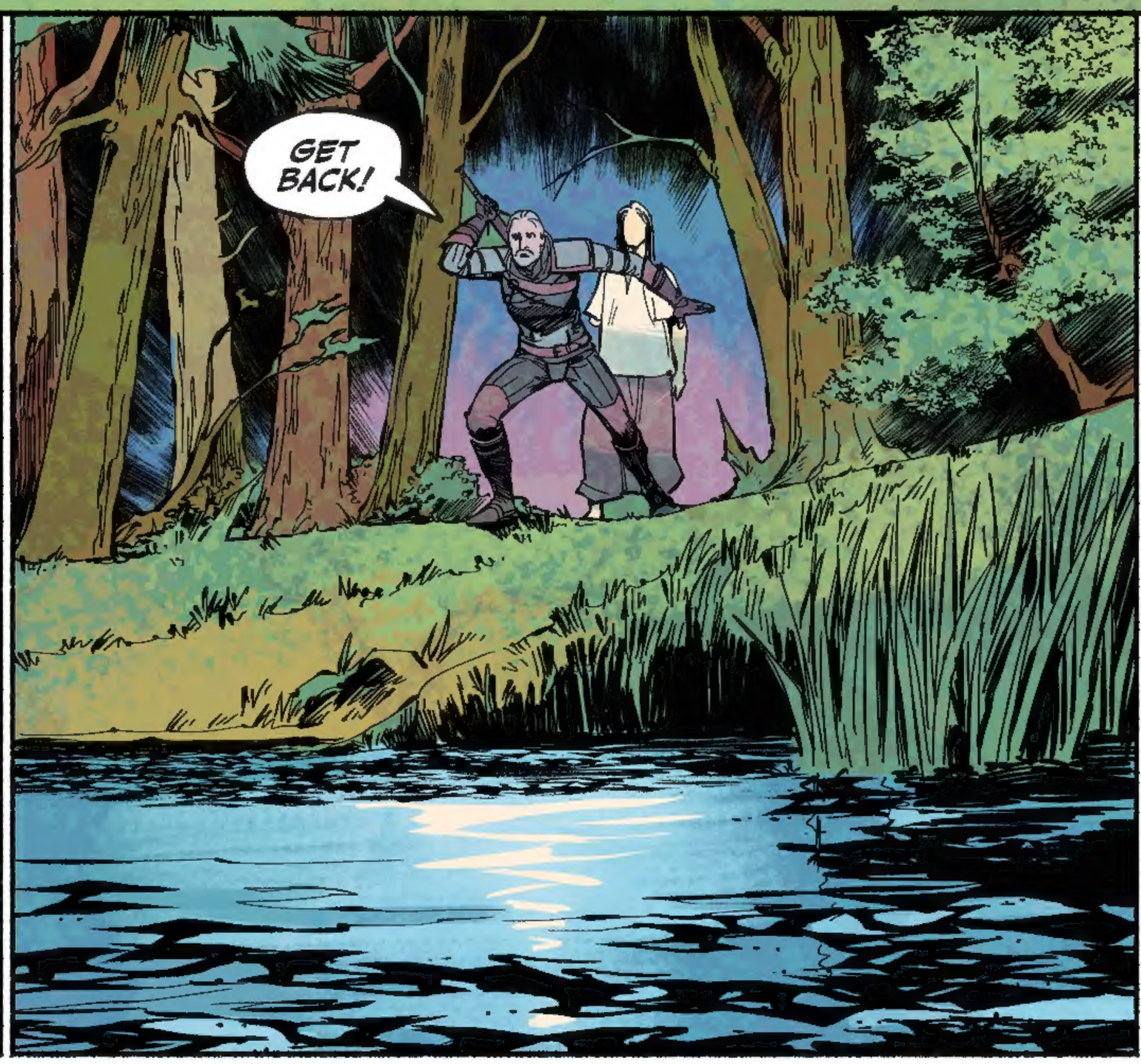

SHE SAVED YER LIFE-- THAT I KNOW. AND YET THE SAME DAY, SHE TOOK THREE OTHERS.
Others...?
LIFE IS BREATH, DEATH IS BLOOD-- NO MATTER WHICH VESSEL IT COURSES THROUGH.


?
YE TRIED TO STOP 'ER.

BEFORE SHE SEVERED THE THREAD OF THAT WOLF'S EXISTENCE, YE MADE A GESTURE. TO STOP 'ER. *WHY?*
FOND OF WOLVES.


Ah! HAHAHA!
My, WHAT A *FASCINATIN' CONTRADICTION!*
THE VESSEL IS OF NO IMPORT. YE SIMPLY SEVER THE BREATH OF BEINGS WHICH DO NOT MERIT YER SYMPATHY.
DROWNERS, FIENDS, NOON-WRAITHS, EVEN FOGLETS AND LESHENS-- NOT WORTHY OF IT, ARE THEY?
WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT* FROM ME?
OR IS IT ABOUT THE *COIN?* SIMPLY KILL WHAT YE'RE *PAID* TO KILL?

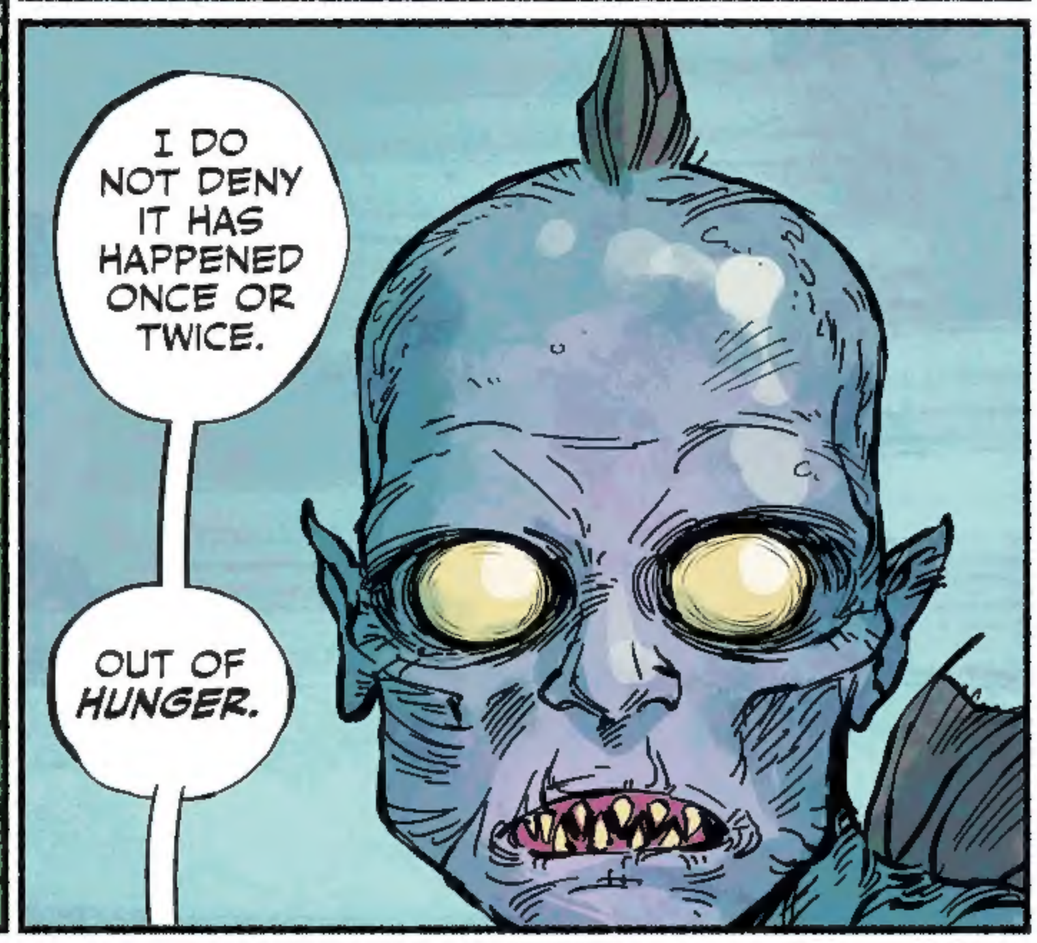
NOT AN *ASSASSIN FOR HIRE.* WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU--
WE'RE 'ERE.


GET BACK!

LOWER YER BLADE, WITCHER.

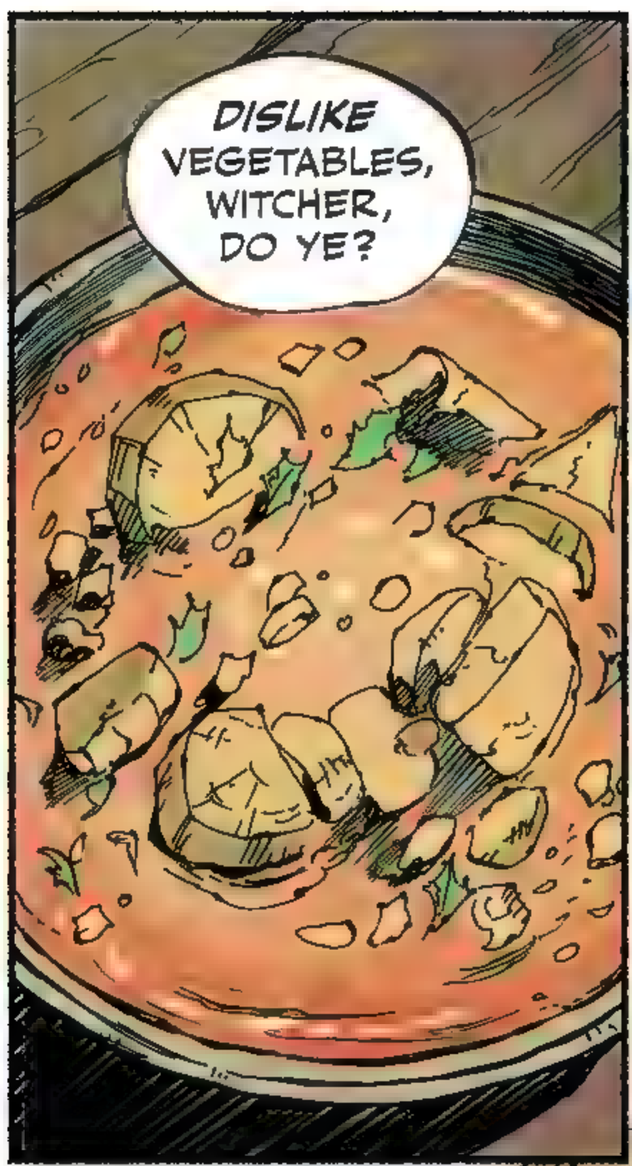
THEY SHAN'T HURT US.

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF.
DROWNERS ATTACK *ANYTHING* THAT *MOVES.* YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION.


I DO NOT DENY IT HAS HAPPENED ONCE OR TWICE.
OUT OF *HUNGER.*

AND WHAT *THEN?*
HA! YE MUST THINK WE OFFER OUR BODIES TO BE DEVOURED.
NO, WE *DEFEND* OURSELVES.

MOST CREATURES ATTACK OUT OF *FEAR.*
ONLY *HUMANS* DO SO FROM *ANGER.*



YE ARE GUILTY OF MANY OFFENSES, WITCHER. BUT YE MAY REDEEM YERSELF.

YE SAW THE BODIES. NOT A WEEK GOES BY 'FORE NEW ONES APPEAR, BRUTALLY 'ACKED TO PIECES.

NOT OUT OF SELF-DEFENSE OR IN THE SPIRIT OF HUNTIN', NO. FOR PURE, PERVERSE PLEASURE.

FORGIVE ME. I FEAR THIS MAY BE THE *ONLY* WAY TO *PERSUADE* YE.

LET GO O' ME, YE BRUTE!

WHAT'VE YE DONE WITH MY MAM?!

FINE! I'LL HELP...

"*EKEROT* AND 'IS MEN RULE THIS ISLE...

"HE IS A BREATH BREAKER, AN *UNFEELIN' MADMAN,* A VILE MURDERER FER WHOM SEVERIN' THE THREADS OF EXISTENCE IS MERE *DIVERSION.*

"EACH WEEK HE SETS OFF ON AN 'UNT...

"...*ALONE.*

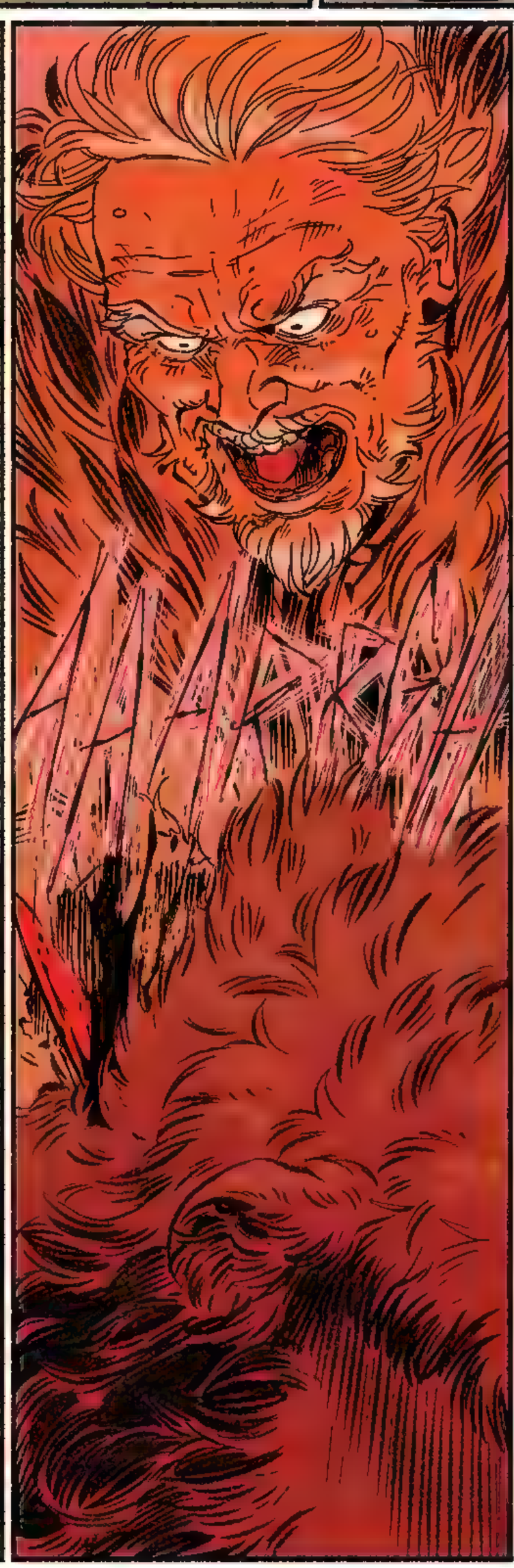
"TO SATIATE HIS... *hm...*

"...*'UMANITY.*

"WHICH DEMANDS *BLOOD.*"

SLASH

WRGHH

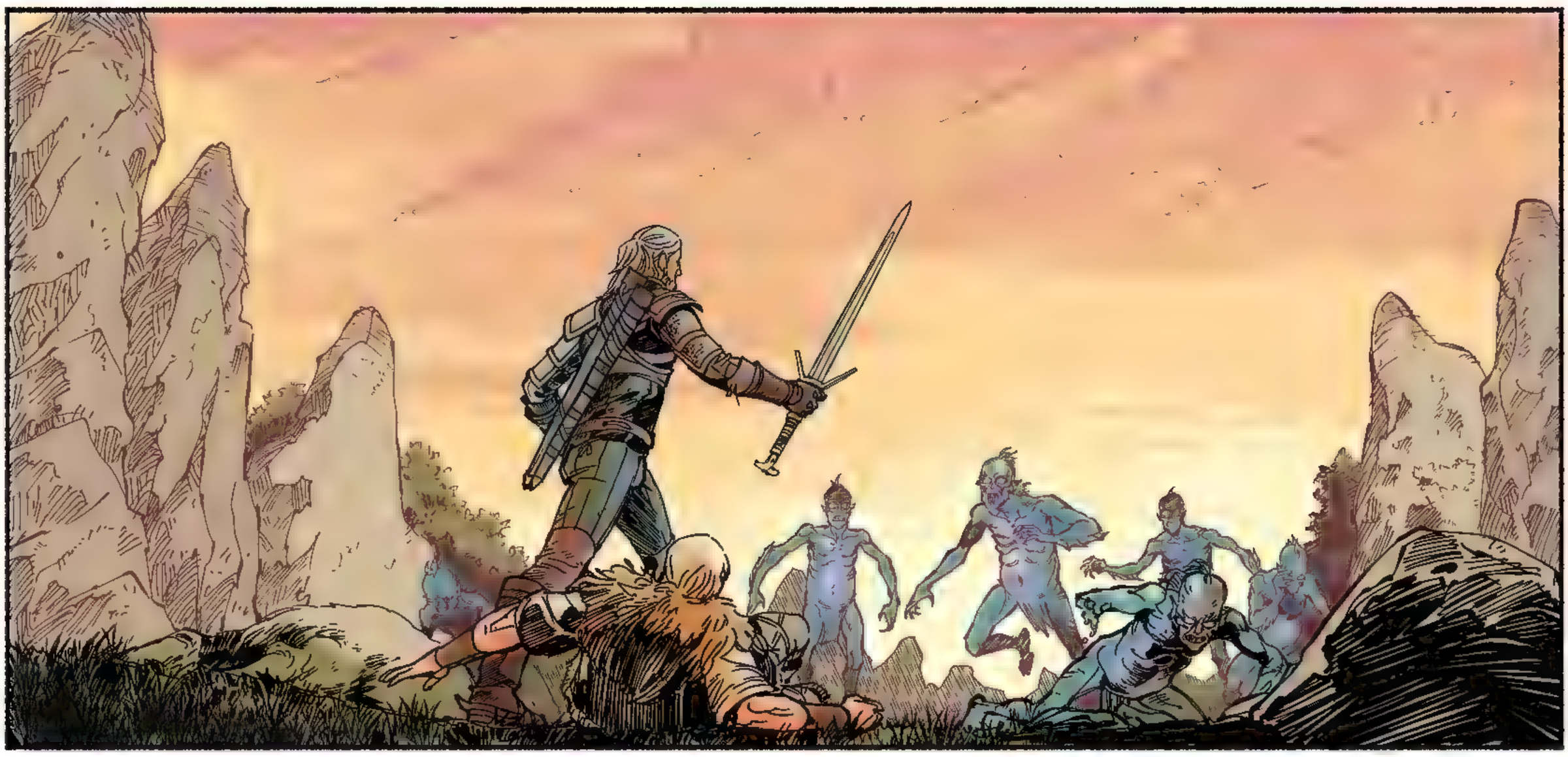


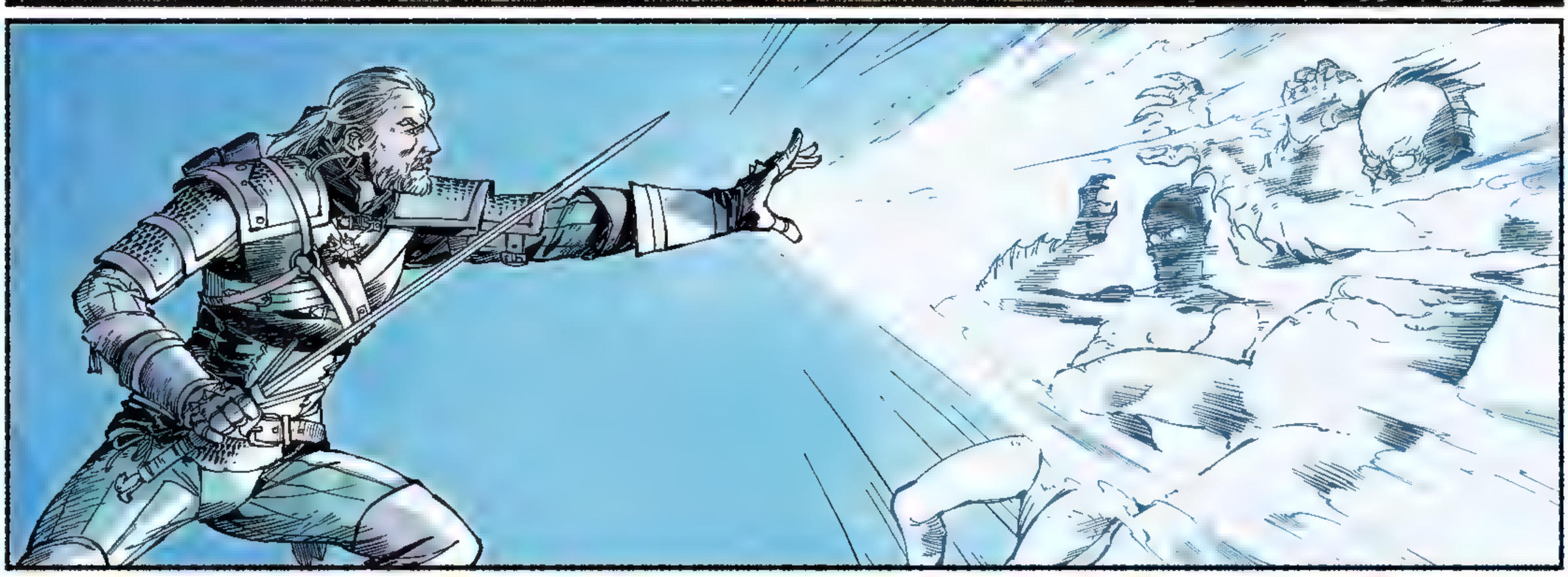
"VICTORY IS HIS. *ALWAYS.*

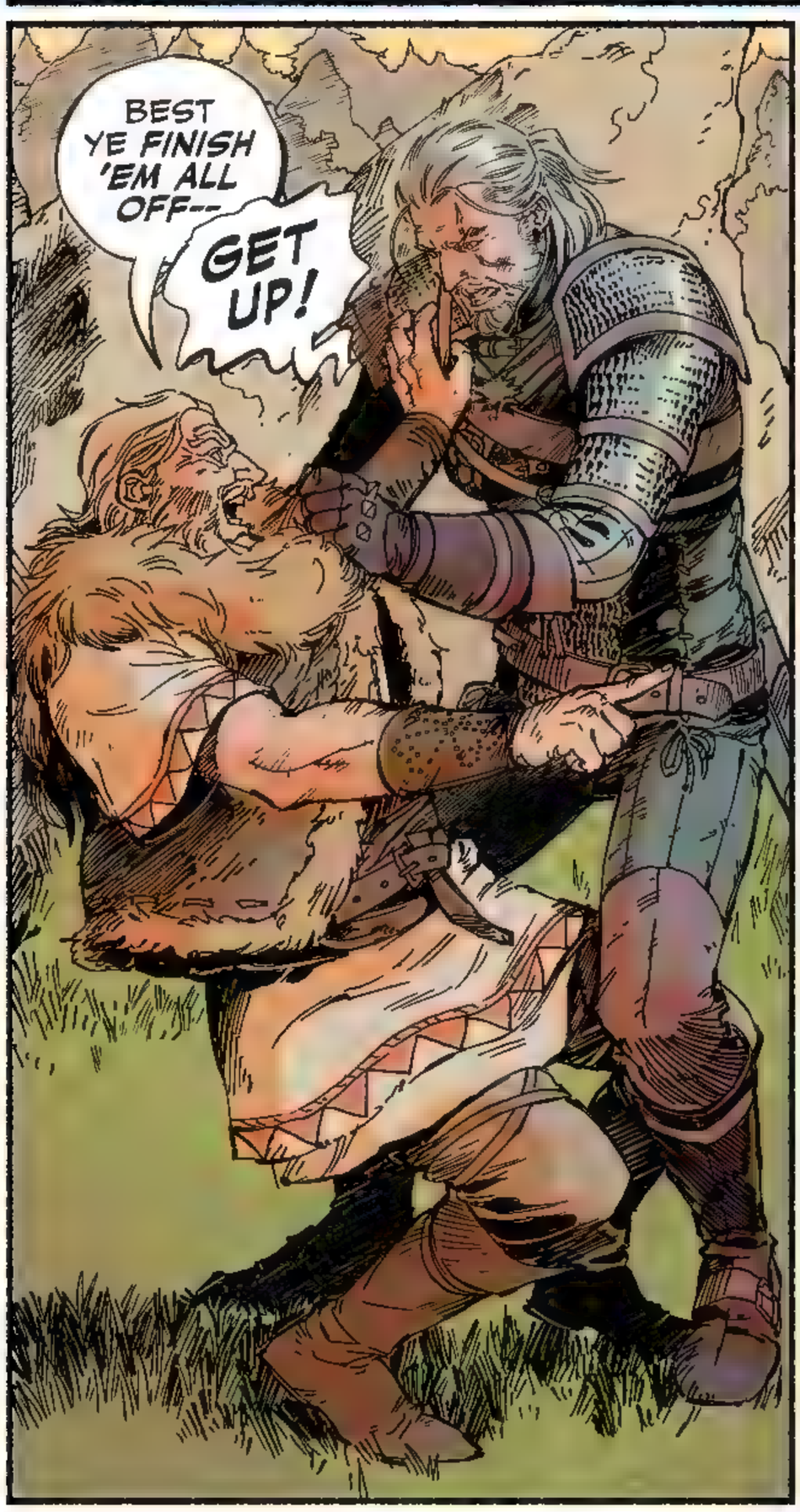
"YET THIS TIME, A *SURPRISE* AWAITS..."

?!
°OOF!
G-GUARDS!
"TWO, IN FACT."

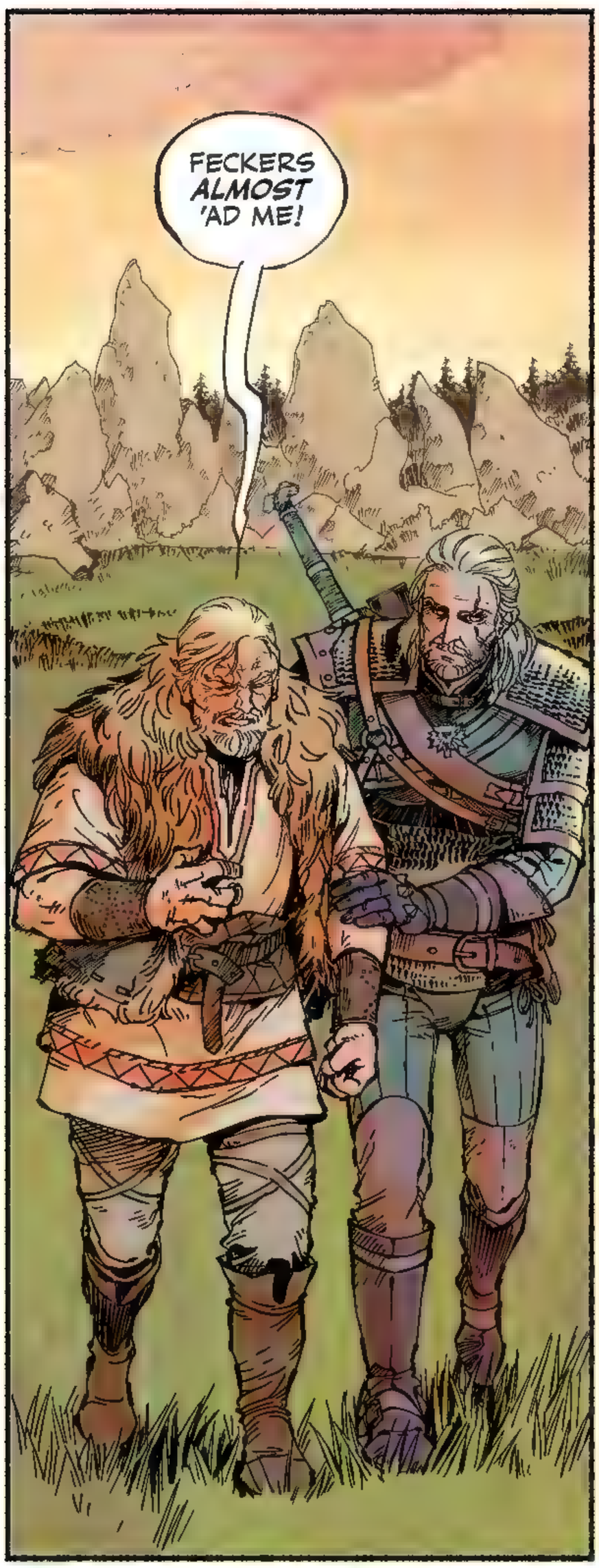
"YE ARE THE SECOND."
FINISH THE BASTARD!
BEHIND YE!





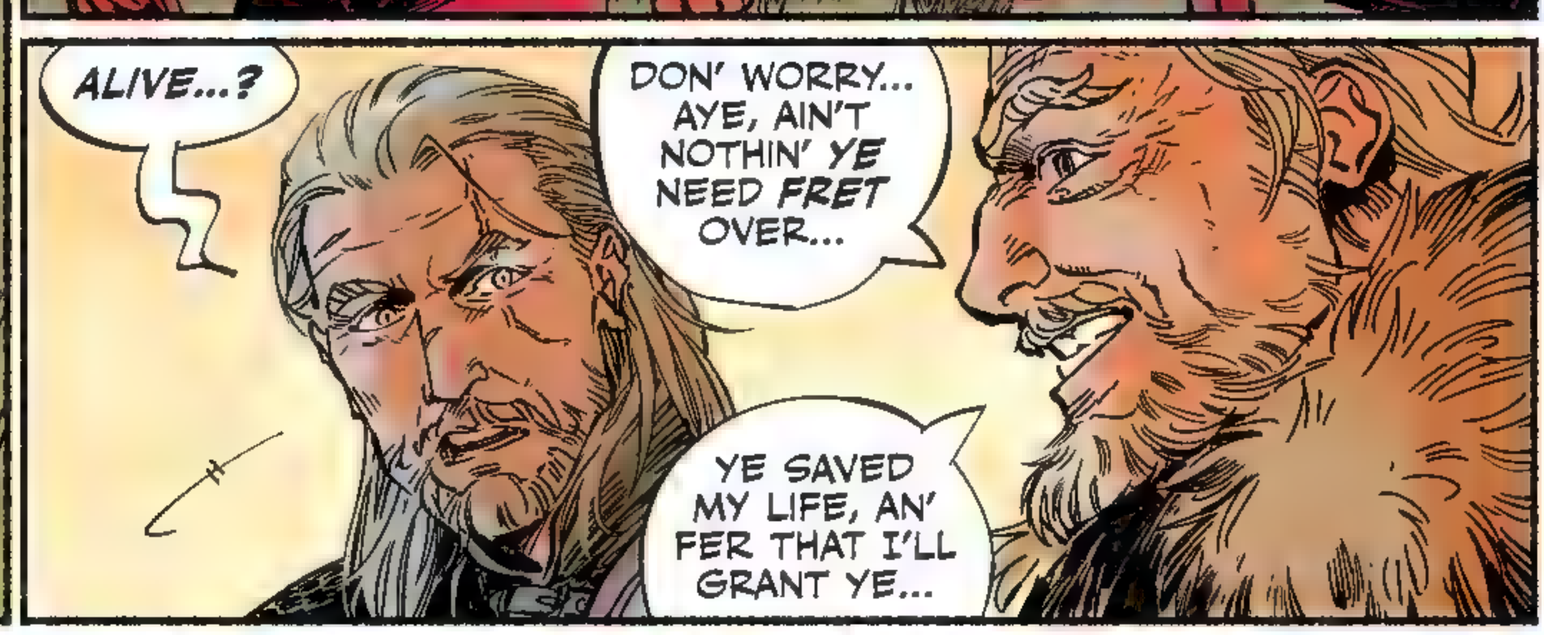

BEST YE FINISH 'EM ALL OFF--
GET UP!

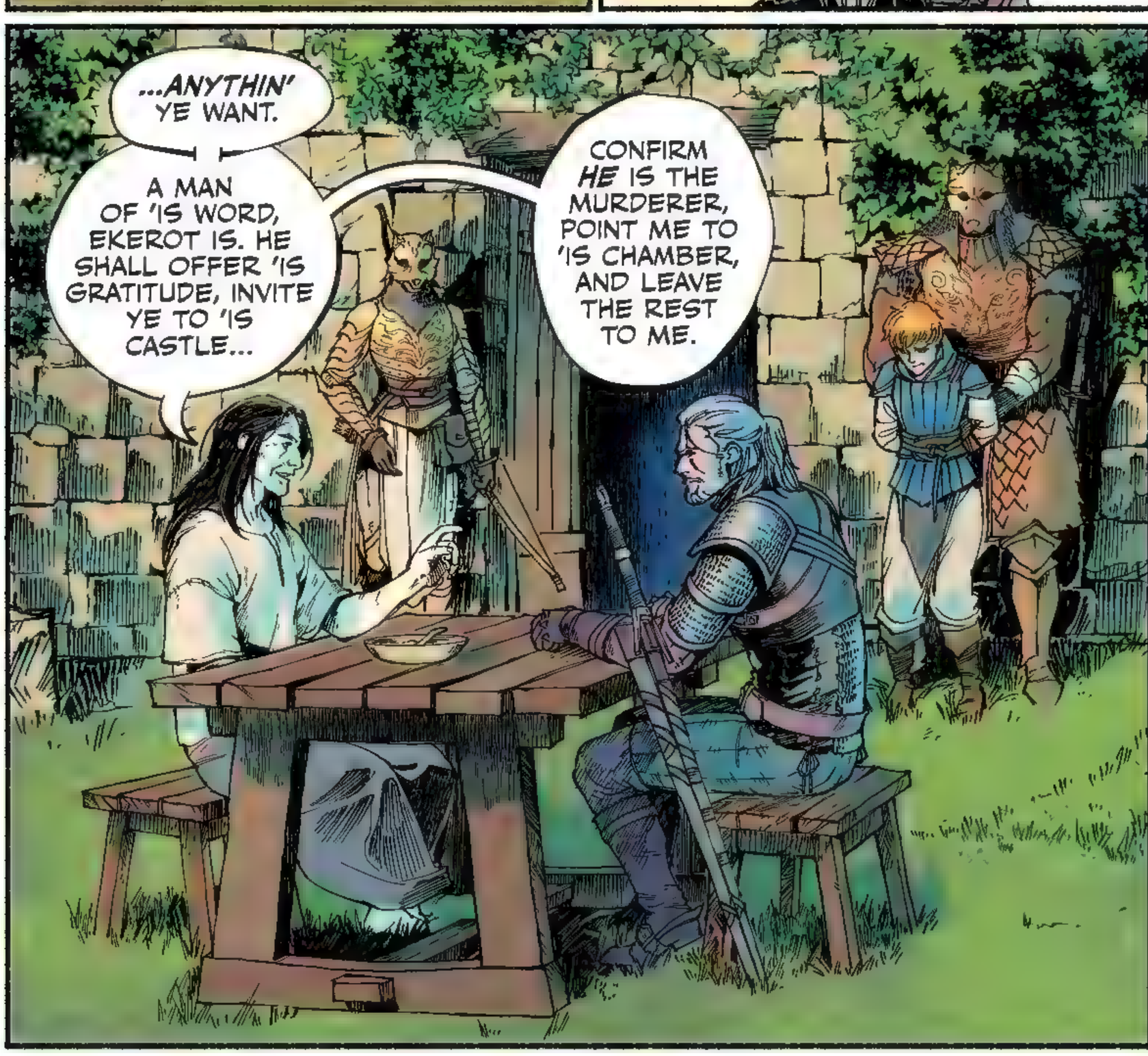
CHIEF?!

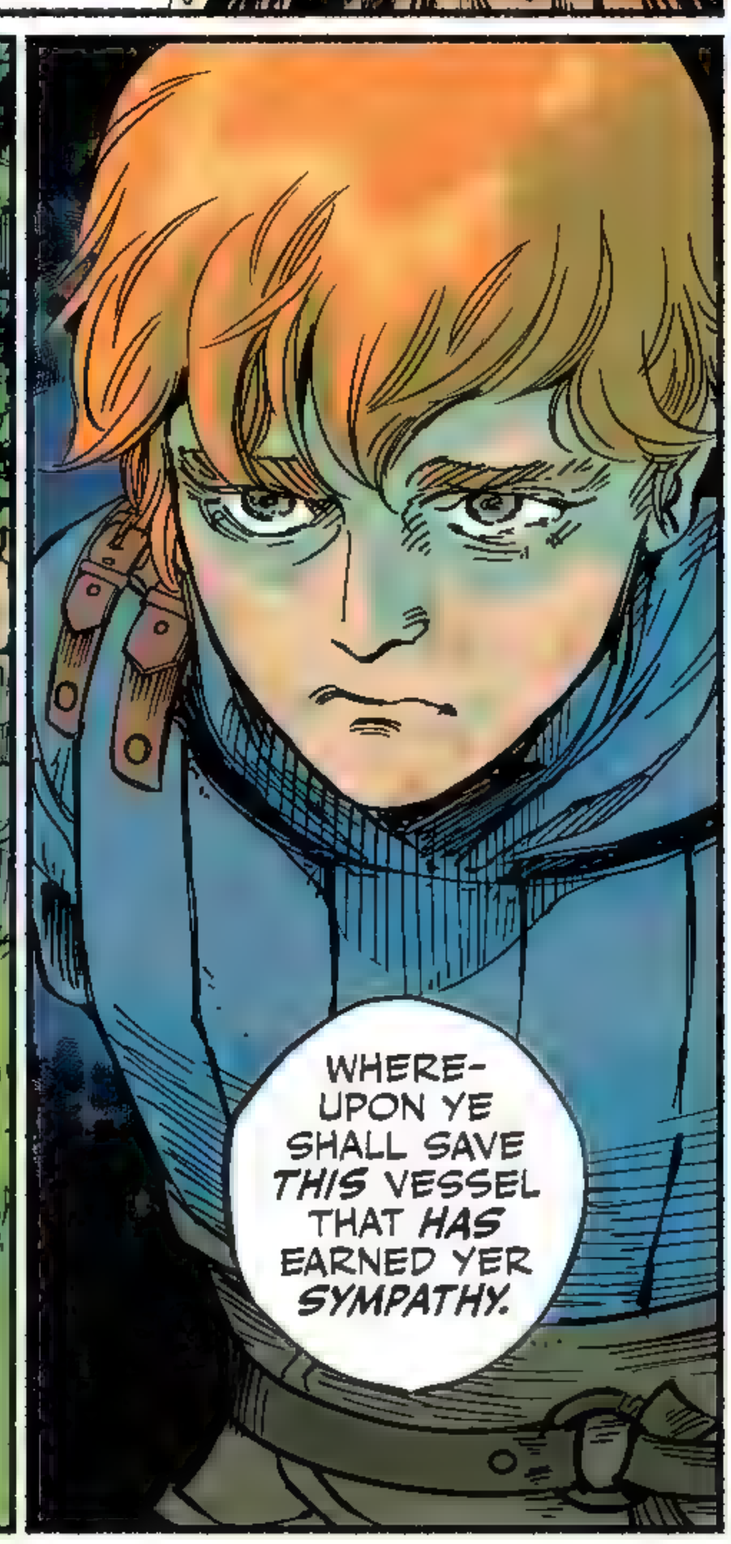

FECKERS ALMOST 'AD ME!

OFF YER SADDLES AN' AFTER 'EM! MAKE 'ASTE!

WANT THEM SLIMY BRUTES ALIVE!
BREATHIN', YE 'EAR?!


ALIVE...?
DON' WORRY... AYE, AIN'T NOTHIN' YE NEED FRET OVER...
YE SAVED MY LIFE, AN' FER THAT I'LL GRANT YE...


...ANYTHIN' YE WANT.
A MAN OF 'IS WORD, EKEROT IS. HE SHALL OFFER 'IS GRATITUDE, INVITE YE TO 'IS CASTLE...
CONFIRM HE IS THE MURDERER, POINT ME TO 'IS CHAMBER, AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.


WHERE-UPON YE SHALL SAVE THIS VESSEL THAT HAS EARNED YER SYMPATHY.

"AS FER THE POTATO AND CARROT...
"...AYE. I DO BELIEVE THEY SUFFER.

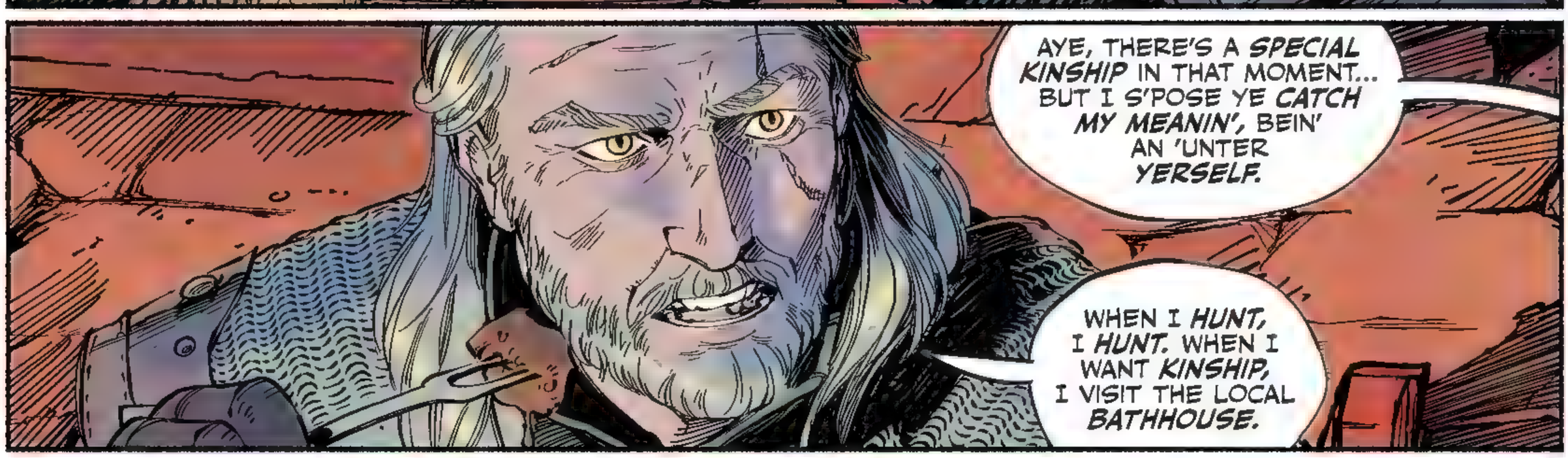
"I WISH TO BE STRONGER.
"SUCH THAT I NEED NOT SEVER ANY THREAD OF EXISTENCE.

"NO MATTER THE VESSEL."
Mmhmm. Hrrmm.
=burp=
WHAT? DON' LIKE BEAR MEAT?
SOME-THIN' ELSE, THEN?

ANTONIUS, GO FETCH OUR GUEST--
NO NEED.

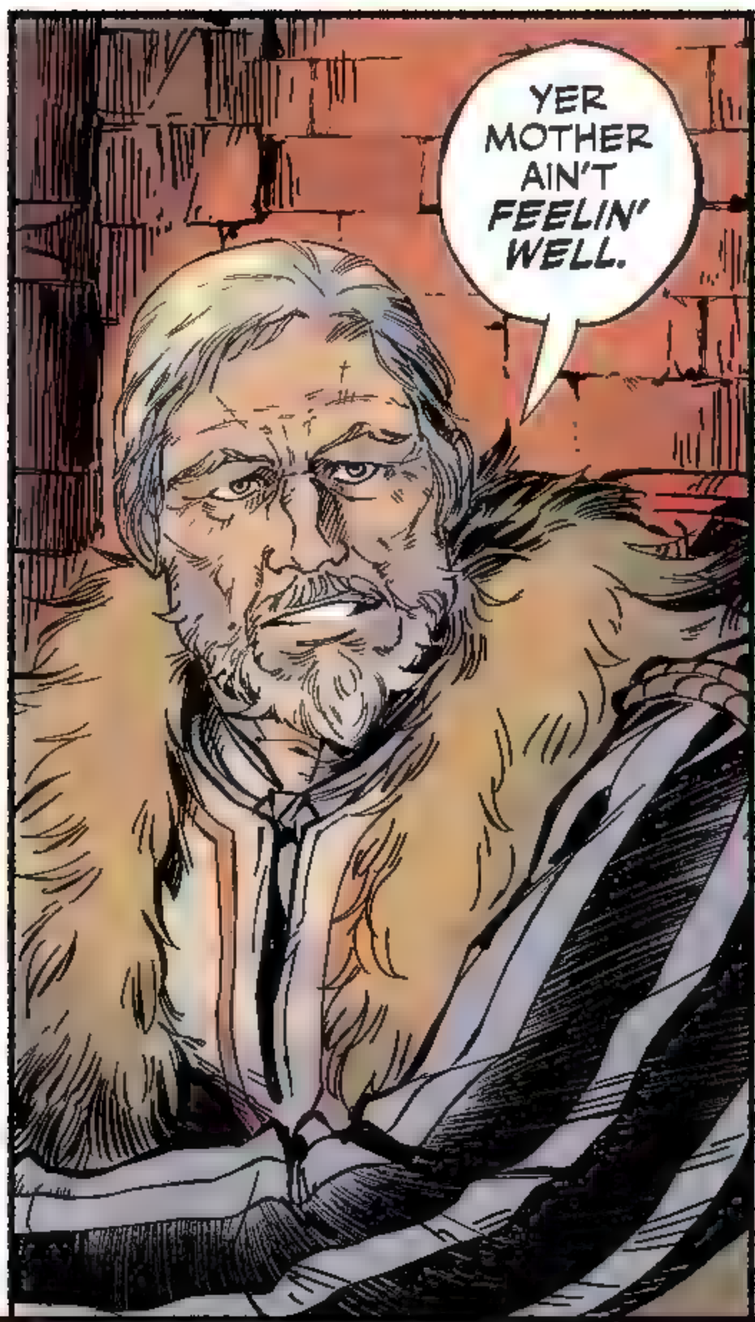
BEAR MEAT'S FINE...
SPLAT

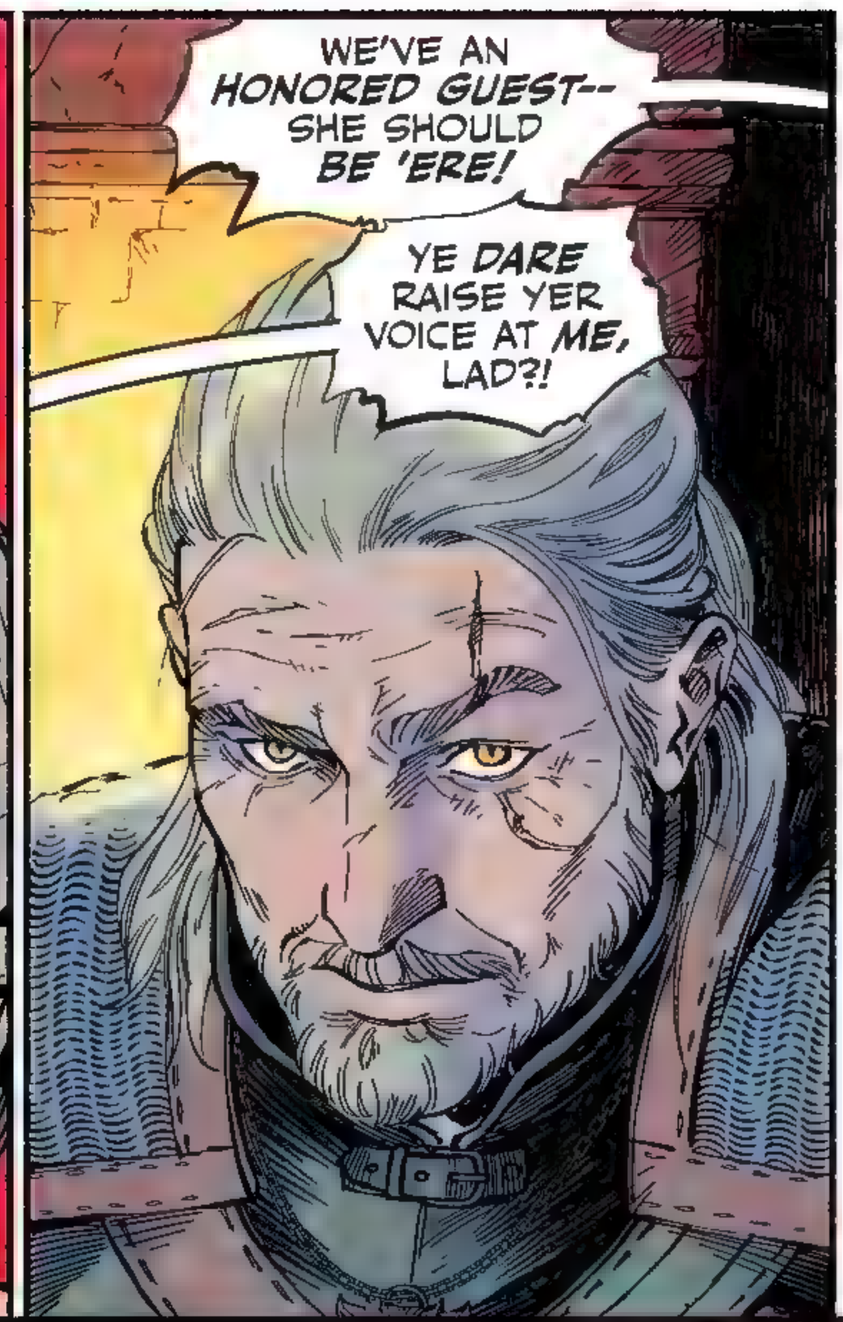
THERE'S NO COMPARIN' IT. THE *TASTE,* THAT IS.
AN ANIMAL KILLED BY YER *OWN 'AND* HAS MORE *FLAVOR,* TENDERNESS.
YE, IT-- FACE TO FACE, CAUGHT 'TWEEN *LIFE* 'N' *DEATH.* THEN YER BLADE ENTERS, *WARM BLOOD* SPLASHES YER FACE...


AYE, THERE'S A *SPECIAL KINSHIP* IN THAT MOMENT... BUT I S'POSE YE *CATCH MY MEANIN',* BEIN' AN 'UNTER *YERSELF.*
WHEN I *HUNT,* I *HUNT.* WHEN I WANT *KINSHIP,* I VISIT THE LOCAL *BATHHOUSE.*

Hehehe! AYE, GOOD ONE... SO WHAT BRINGS A WITCHER TO SUCH A FARAWAY PLACE? HUNTIN', OR BATHHOUSES?
Hahaha. OR PERHAPS--
SIGHT-SEEING.
BANG

WHERE'S MOTHER?





YOU LET 'ER DO AS SHE PLEASES. IT'S DISGRACEFUL--
SHE BRINGS SHAME 'PON US!
SHE SPITS IN YER--
SLAP!

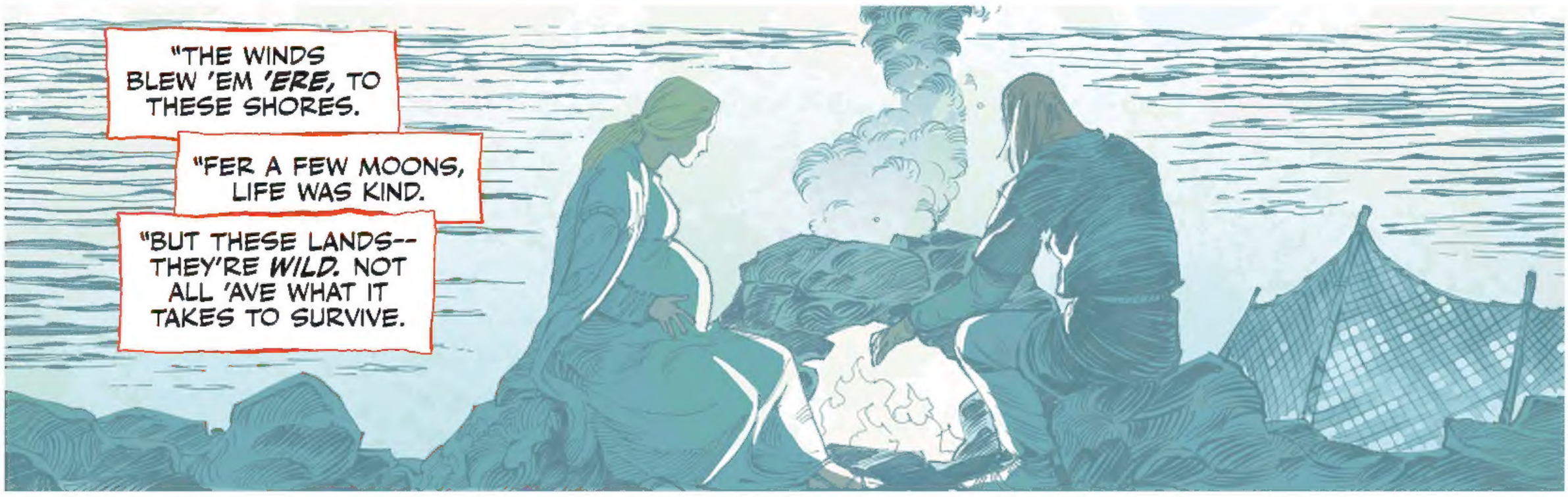
SLAM

FORGIVE ME, NO GUEST SHOULD SEE SUCH THINGS...
I UNDER-STAND. NOT *EVERYONE* ENJOYS THE COMPANY OF A *WITCHER.*
Eh? Ah...NO, IT AIN'T *THAT.*

MY WIFE... *Ehh,* I SHOULD BE *ENTERTAININ',* NOT DRAGGIN' YE INTO *FAMILY MATTERS...*
THOUGH PER'APS IT'S A *SIGN,* YE-- A *WITCHER--* ENDIN' UP 'ERE...

GO ON.
A MURDERER PROWLS THE NEARBY WOODS, PICKIN' OFF MY MEN... THAT'S WHY FOLK 'ERE ARE SCARED, ON EDGE.
YE HUNT BEASTS, AN' SO IS-- *Eh,* I SHOULD EXPLAIN...

"THERE WAS ONCE A FISHERMAN AN' HIS WOMAN.
"SHE WAS WITH CHILD, SO THEY SET OUT IN SEARCH OF A BETTER PLACE. TO START A NEW LIFE.

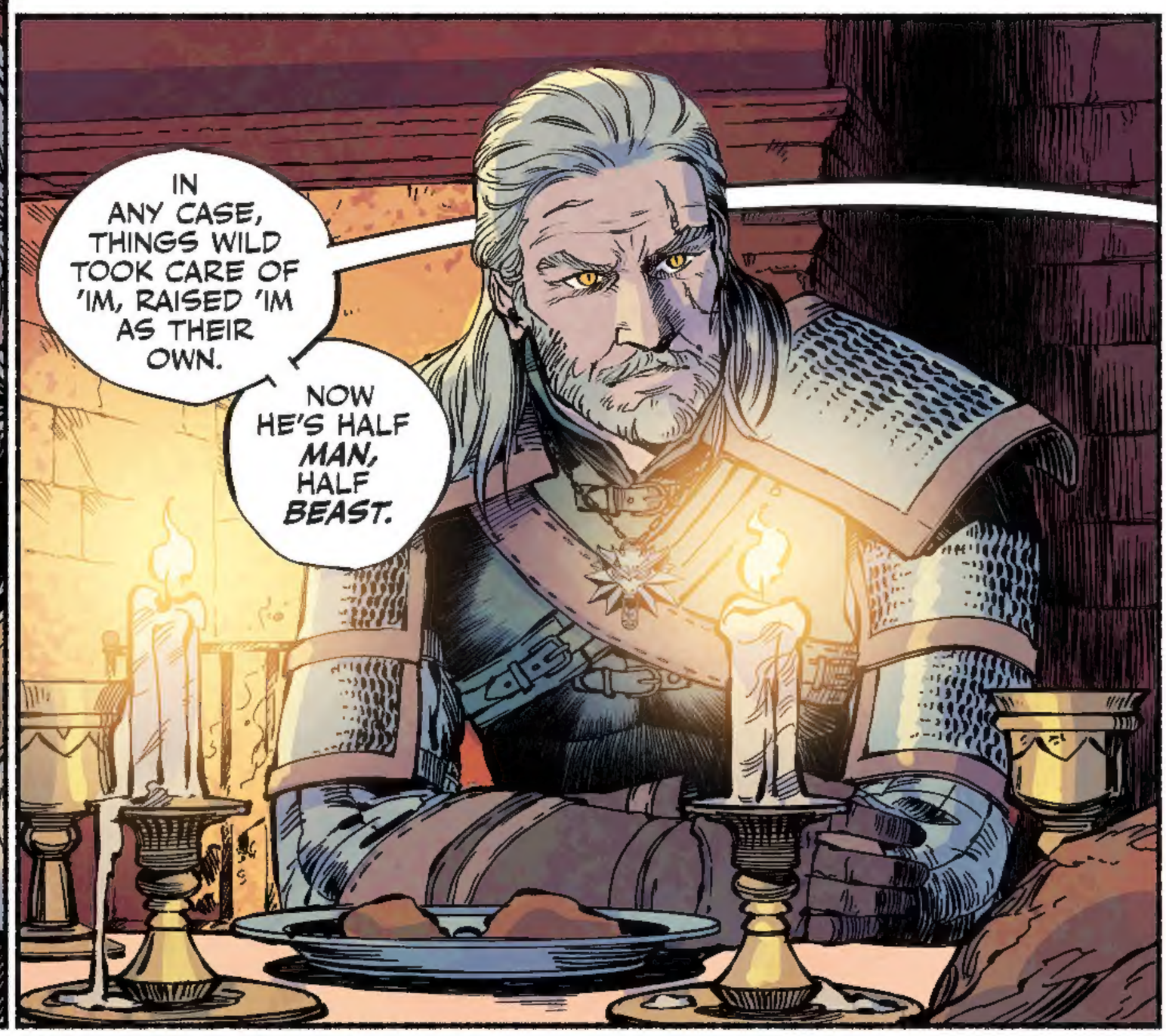

"THE WINDS BLEW 'EM *'ERE,* TO THESE SHORES.
"FER A FEW MOONS, LIFE WAS KIND.
"BUT THESE LANDS-- THEY'RE *WILD.* NOT ALL 'AVE WHAT IT TAKES TO SURVIVE.

"SOON ENOUGH, THE FELLA WAS *KILLED* WHILE OUT HUNTIN'."

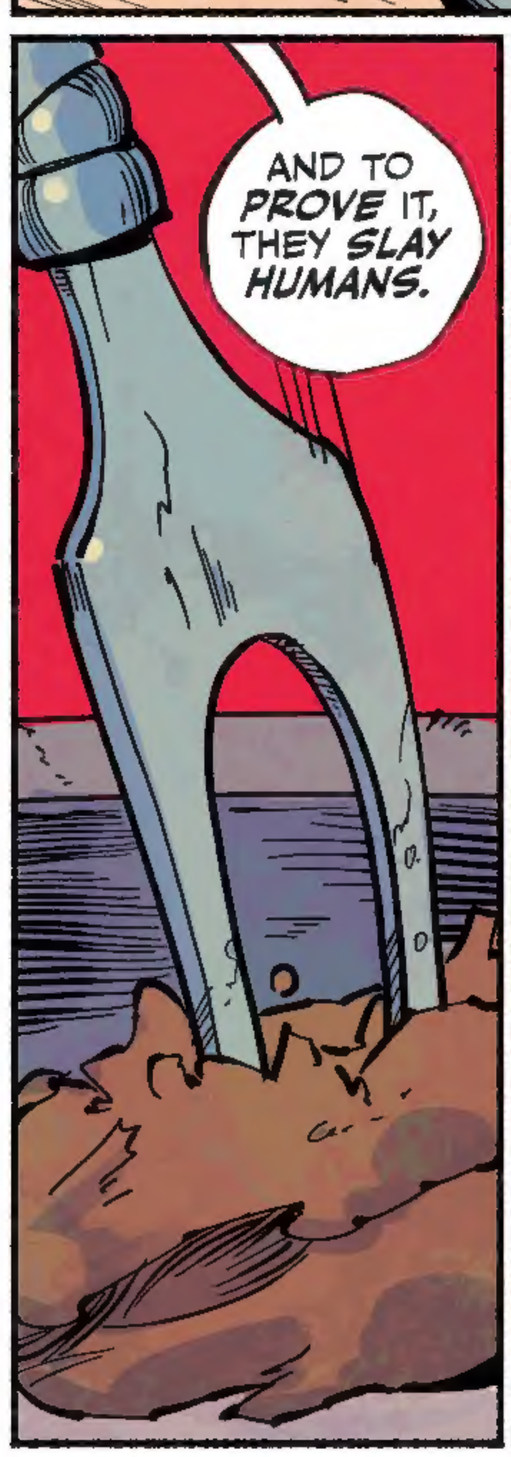
Wah! Wah! Wah! Wah!
"NOT LONG AFTER, THE WENCH *DIED* IN CHILDBIRTH.

"A LITERAL NEWBORN, IN THE WILD, ALONE..."

SOME SAY ANIMALS FOUND THE BABE.
OTHERS, THAT ITS WEEPIN' LURED MONSTERS.


IN ANY CASE, THINGS WILD TOOK CARE OF 'IM, RAISED 'IM AS THEIR OWN.
NOW HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BEAST.

IN TIME, 'E FOUND FOLLOWERS. WHOLE BLOODY HERD O' FOLK THAT SEE MONSTERS 'N' ANIMALS AS OUR EQUALS.


AND TO PROVE IT, THEY SLAY HUMANS.

YE SAVED MY LIFE, I OWE YE... BUT A MONSTER LIKE THAT NEEDS PUTTIN' DOWN.

AN' WHO BEST TO DO THE DEED BUT A WITCHER? COUNTLESS MORE LIVES YE'D SAVE...
TO BE CONTINUED...

THE
WITCHER®
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SON OF ULTRON